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C R I S I S.

N U M B E R LIX. *To be continued Weekly,*
DURING THE PRESENT BLOODY CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

SATURDAY, March 2, 1776, [Price Two-pence Halfpenny.

“ For the Sake of the miserably convulsed Empire solicit Peace,
“ repeal the *Acts*, or Britain is *undone*.”

Dr. Church's (Gen. Gage's *Spy's*) Letter to Maj. Kane of the King's Army.



AD I the honour of knowing Lord *Mansfield*, I should not hesitate to tell him that the hint conveyed in the motto of this paper, might prove far more useful to our precipitate *administration*, than any in *Montcalm's* Letters, which seem to the basis of his Lordship's politics. Dr. *Church* (one of his Majesty's *spies royal*) has advised like an intelligent and *honest* counsellor. The *ministry* must credit him because he is a villain of their own. The intelligence of the *spy* must have been received with confidence at *St. James's*, where the petition of the subject has so often been repulsed. That Dr. *Church's* advise deserves the most serious attention, the late spirited, wise, and deliberate *resolves* in *America* have fully shewn. Their articles of *perpetual union* do honour, not only to the cause of liberty, but to the dignity of man. Since the renowned union of the free states of Greece against the haughty tyrant *Phillip*, no human coalition in support of civil liberty (unless I may except our glorious *revolution*) has deserved equal admiration and applause. I do not mean to sound a panegyric, but to assert a truth, when I declare that history can hardly produce its parallel. In what records can we find a single instance of
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national defence founded on clearer principles of justice? On the other hand, with what indignation, with what execrations, must posterity read of an *English* invasion upon *English* subjects, supported by a detestable combination of daring ministerial tyrants? tyrants, who are prompted not by policy, but by rapine; not by wisdom but revenge, not by the love of order, but by the lust of power, not by a godlike effort to *reclaim*, but by an infernal (though a vain) resolution to *exterminate*. I write, with a copy of the *American Confederacy* before me, penned with the greatest deliberation, wisdom, justice, moderation and magnanimity; breathing a spirit of true patriotic zeal, and *independent empire*. As an Englishman I honour them for the one, as a citizen of the world, and a friend to *freedom*, I revere them for the other. The wise provision, however, which they have made for future independent empire, is, even as yet (I call upon the suspicious *Mansfield* to observe it) but *conditional*. They have, with the greatest moderation, left their unnatural parent room to return to her duty; but if neither shame, nor honour, nor a sense of justice can lead her to repentance, she must at last fall a victim to her own rapacious views and insatiable resentments, unpitied at home, and despised abroad; no longer the queen of commerce, the mistress of the ocean, the mediatrix between contending nations, dreaded in war, admired in peace, the palladium of civil and religious liberty. Posterity indeed may view her thus portrayed in history; they may feast their imaginations with ideas of past blessings; but this country, almost unnerved already by luxury and corruption, if it once crouches (as I fear it will) beneath the iron grasp of *tyranny*, will revive no more. Its inhabitants (if they dare even to wish for liberty) must seek it where alone it can be found, among their brethren in *America*, whose massacre they once tamely viewed without attention, pity, or revenge. They must sue like hopeless dastards, to be united with those whom they once deserted in the glorious cause of liberty; nay betrayed, invaded, murdered, and would (had it pleased heaven to favour their intended parricide) have swept from the face of the earth, for daring to assert the rights, the privileges, the dignity of mankind. Yes, they must petition to become *confederates* with the brave *Americans* against the insupportable *tyranny* of *Great Britain*. Into this illustrious *confederacy* I will venture to foretell (my prophecies have hitherto proved true) that impatient *Englishmen* will at last secede, leaving the dregs of this unhappy country under the vassalage of a *corrupt majority*. What a capacious, what a fruitful bosom will *America* open to receive them? She has already erected the standard of virtue and liberty in her *union*; she has displayed the sword of magnanimity and justice in the field. She wields the latter in the noblest cause; she founds the former on the noblest principles. I have asserted, and I assert again, in the face of a rotten hearted ministry, a venal parliament, and a lumpish *despot*, that this *perpetual union*, is in the highest degree wise, just, dispassionate, and magnanimous. To this deserved encomium the proceedings of the British government have furnished a *vile antithesis*. It is true they have (under the execrable influence of *Bute* and *Mansfield*) *persevered*, but they have *persevered* in folly, cruelty, injustice, tyranny, and blood. They will have their reward. From the innocent blood thus spilt in *America* will arise a *hydra* with many heads: not a *monster*, but (hear it ye wise counsellors of the royal cabinet!) an opulent, a splendid, a powerful *Commonwealth*. Its outlines (and noble ones they are) are now before me. The most contemptible

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tyrant that England has ever known, (if his mind were sufficiently enlarged) might survey them with admiration, confusion, and remorse. Their virtuous and spirited contents would sit heavy on his guilty soul. They present all true Britons with a subject worthy of their contemplation. They speak the language of our wisest and our bravest ancestors, in calm defiance of a wicked gang of traitorous placemen, pensioners, and ministerial sycophants, basely combined to enrich themselves by the ruin of their country. If a Tory hackney scribbler (like *Johnson*) should rebuke me for writing a *panegyric* on *America*, and a *libel* on his masters; I will prove the former to be *just*, by referring him to the several wise and virtuous resolutions, the pious, necessary and intrepid oppositions of *America*: I will prove the latter to be *true*, by reminding him of the repeated *supplications* rejected, the outrages, murders and depredations sanctified, in *suppression of civil liberty*, by a venal majority, under a flagitious administration. I forbear to take notice of the still weaker *pilot*, whose duty it was (had he known it) to have kept the *ship* from rolling; but she ought not to be lost (if the passengers are wise) for want of better conduct at the *helm*. Having thus replied to the supposed, and natural impertinence of this ministerial scribbler, I would take notice, before I leave him, of a passage in his infamous pamphlet, called *Taxation no Tyranny*: the purport of his words is this; I speak upon memory: "What confusions, what convulsions must poor *America* feel before her government (supposing her *disunion*) can be settled?" I am inclined to think, *doctor*, nay, permit me to say, I sincerely hope, her worst pangs are at an end. If you will deign, most learned *doctor*, to cast your magisterial eye upon the *American articles*, you will presently discern the great out-lines of a *Commonwealth*; the offspring of your *Thane's* patriotic *perseverance*. They are as evident as the source of wealth and plenty in the *Scotch union*. The will and pleasure of the *chancellor* in your *Oxford diploma*, or the scandalous profusion of the *prime minister* in the warrant which doubles your pay as *Hackney in Chief* to a *Scotch*, and consequently a *tory administration*; the greatest curse that can fall upon Great Britain. Again, the *articles*, most redoubted *doctor*, furnish a glorious contradiction to one of the basest of your positions in *Taxation no Tyranny*, namely, that there can be no such thing as *limited government*. Though I speak upon memory, (as I did in my former quotation) yet I am confident that this is your expression; its falsity and iniquity has fixed it in my mind. For such a one alone, you might well deserve to be burnt in effigy at *Salem*, and in person here. Where there is no *limitation*, all must be *tyranny*. The rule of *right* is immutable and eternal. A government free from *kings*, and sons of *kings*, bids the fairest for preserving it. Such is a *Commonwealth*, (now in embryo in *America*) because it has *virtue* for its basis. If the justly celebrated *Montesquieu* (the noblest writer in the world except *Dr. Johnson*) were consulted, he would tell us that no government fit for man to live under, either can, or ought to be *unlimited*; and that every such government (if it can deserve that name) must be complete *tyranny*. The oppressed *Americans* have felt the worst effects of government *unlimited*, not in its *constitution*, but in its late deviations from the line of *right* to justly drawn by our discerning ancestors. They have seen and felt how far a corrupt coalition of *three great estates*, wisely designed as checks upon each other, may form one *tyrannic mass of combination* against the liberties of their expiring country. With more than human fortitude they are wisely providing for their future peace in the midst of war.

war. That a *limited monarchy* may degenerate into what may be truly called an unlimited *usurpation* (for there can be no such government) they have fatally experienced, and may therefore well abhor *kings* however restrained. The *Romans* (in no other respect braver than the *Americans*) had their *kings* at first. The *Americans*, in spite of threats, may now begin to date their æra as a *people*. They think so, and therefore, as suffering under sad experience, have laid the corner stone of government as far as possible from the *regal* plan. They sensibly admonish every colony to amend its constitution at the first outset, though they were not themselves permitted, under the protection of Great Britain, to enjoy even that which their ancestors had purchased with their blood. In the future government of *America*, *equality* will be the pole star of direction. No useful subjects are to be left *unrepresented*. There will be no *boroughs* visibly rotten, or invisibly consequential and important, but there is to be one representative for every 5000 polls. It is plain they have an eye to *commerce*; their situation for it is the noblest in the world. It is in no contemptible degree already opened, if *America* is faithful to herself, the utmost efforts of Great Britain cannot absolutely destroy it, though they may impede it for a time. She has planned her mode of *representation*, like a *commercial nation*. As such, she knows that the riches of the state must consist in the numbers of useful members; useful not to the aggregate body of *tyrants*, or to the single *tyrant* of the state, but to the *Commonwealth* itself; not corrupt *voices*, but serviceable *hands*; not *leaches*, but *members* of society; not *drains* but *springs*. She has wisely and justly ordained, that one half of the members at every *Congress* shall be necessary to make a quorum, exclusive of *proxies*. If this was the rule in the house of Lords and Commons, *corruption* would neither be so easily effected, nor so cheaply maintained; great as the demands now are upon the people for the support of it, they must, in such case, have been still greater; the burthen more intolerable, the people more impatient, and this lingering, *persevering tyranny* sooner at an end. It is observable, that no *proxies* at all can be admitted, unless in case of *necessary absence*. An excellent precaution for the preservation of a virtuous government in its full vigour. A *proxy* can do no more than augment the number of votes on the one side or the other. *Content*, or *not content*, is all that such a shadow can advance, it can neither advise, reason, nor debate. It may be used as a passive agent to a crafty principal for the worst of purposes. It may, without a blush, in one single word espouse a decision which its iniquitous master could not dare to countenance in person. It may undo individuals, it may ruin kingdoms. The late case of *Thicknes* and *Lee* in the House of Lords, supports me in this assertion. *Lord Mansfield* in that case voted by his *proxy* (his lord chancellor) against *Mr. Thicknes*. He knew that *equity* and *Lord Camden* must and would declare clearly in his favour; but a private resentment was to be gratified by this man, who still bears upon his coach a motto* which the college of *Heralds* should sweep out. *Junius*, in a former *Crisis*, has given the world the story at large. Such a piece of judicial thamefaced iniquity can never be transacted in the *American Congress* by way of *proxy*; whilst the *shirking* principal is hearing a paltry cause of assault and battery, in a court almost adjoining to that, where almost the whole of a defrauded subject's property demanded his protection. In the next place, I must observe, that the *General Congress* are to appropriate all public monies for every separate and distinct service; no mass of public money will

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* Soli æquus virtuti atq. ejus amicis.-----A friend alone to virtue and her friends.

be suffered to fall into the hands of one man, or of any gang of men, to be disposed of in *secret services*; or in other words, for the sole emolument of themselves and their accomplices, in effecting the ruin of their country. For such monies, either the general, or executive *Congress*, are to draw on the general treasurer. Every single draft, by this means, becomes a public and notorious act, not transacted *in prito*. How differently do we proceed? with us, *Lord North* (the proxy of *Lord Bute*) draws upon *himself*. He has, not only the controul of all public monies, but the controul of all those among whom they are squandered or dispensed. *America* has thought it just to secure to the *six nations of Indians* all their landed property---we have, since the last war, deliberately and designedly invaded it; and within these five years have supported such invasions by a solemn decree at the council-board. This breach of national justice was a political stroke, in order to break the strength of those warlike people, and to render their association with the *Americans* (whom our government then viewed as enemies in embryo) of less importance. They were determined even then upon the speedy reduction of *America* to slavery, and therefore by these means among others, endeavoured to weaken and prevent all her natural resources. *America* adheres, (and may heaven support in this just resolution!) to the terms of *reconciliation* proposed by her in her last petition, which has been trampled on in the despotic cabinet. She will have, and she ought to have, every act, made under the influence of *Bute*, repealed. She demands, and justly, ample reparation and reimbursement. She requires the miserable remains of the finest part of the British army to be withdrawn: And then---(so far is she from a wish of *independence*) she declares herself ready and willing (though with victory in her hand) to return to her former connections and friendship (but not to *slavery*) under Great Britain. Hear this, *Lord Mansfield*, and recant your late flimsy speech in the House of Lords upon the vile restraining bill. It has exposed your principles, your politics, your party, and their execrable views, to public detestation. Abjure for ever the pitiful authority of *Montcalm's* letters. Disdain all selfish views, all insolent controul and influence in the close of life, and die at least, as a British nobleman ought to live, a friend to liberty and virtue. Learn from the present state of *America*, in the midst of her oppressions, that Providence is no friend to tyrants. In a land destined by your lordship and your associates to famine and desolation, behold granaries overflowing, marts erected, and ports opened to all the world, beside ourselves, for the exportation of redundant plenty. How impotent, how truly despicable, is all this parade of *royal vengeance*, when it cannot terrify even the husbandman, nor take off his attention from his field! When commerce is carried on even whilst the colours of the enemy are flying? All our West-India colonies in general will, nay they must of necessity resort to the great *American* mart, or perish. If they supply themselves from thence, their vessels will be seized and themselves deemed rebels; if they do not, they and their plantations must be ruined. They can be supplied from no other quarter, notwithstanding the ridiculous pretences of the ministry, and the more ridiculous provisions in the restraining bill. *Administration* to this moment are working in the dark. They know nothing of the colonies. But this I know, that the West-Indies must either submit to certain ruin, unless *America* will relieve them, or abide the vengeance of our persevering tyrants if they sue for her her protection. These are miserable

able alternatives, and either way they will be lost to their mother country. In the mean time, will not this *American* resolution for the exportation of corn and other provisions, with which *America* at this moment abounds, open a most advantageous and extensive trade with the French, Spanish, and Dutch in particular, nay with our friends the Danes too, and with other powers? In this case can *America* want warlike supplies, or even warlike vessels? Are we in a condition at present to be regarded by either of these states, should we remonstrate, threaten, or declare war? Are our military and marine forces able at this juncture to cope with the most considerable states in Europe, and the combined force of all our American colonies at the same time? Will not France and Spain trade with *America* in defiance of, nay in hopes of making a breach with England at so favourable a period? Will the passive subjects of Great Britain submit patiently to be drained for the support of such a general war as may ensue in consequence of ministerial perseverance in the worst of causes, the destruction of civil liberty? Amidst these commotions, will Ireland, who has long been stripped of her undoubted rights, defrauded of her constitution, almost overwhelmed by taxes, pensions, plunder and oppression; will she forget her injuries, and exhaust her veins to serve the odious purposes of a rapacious and despotic government? At such a crisis will the influence of *Bute*, the craft of *Mansfield*, the lowering brow of an ungracious tyrant, appall an injured nation, or unnerve the arm of public justice? Will the general voice of discontent be checked by that false and slavish maxim "*a King can do no wrong*?" A maxim invented by *crown lawyers*, the worst of traitors to their country, and never seriously adopted since the late glorious *revolution*, but by the late *ministerial string of addressers*, the very dregs of the nation both in spirit and importance. These groveling wretches, under the false names of *merchants*, and *principal inhabitants*, (with those worshipful old women, the *Middlesex justices* at their head) have in their sagacious addresses, served up a splendid paraphrase upon that erroneous and detestable position, that "*a King* (though he were a *Nero*, or a *Driveler*, or a mixture of both) *can do no wrong*." A position to which the *revolution* gives the lie; to which none would subscribe but slaves and sycophants, or such a majority of *ayes* and *noes*, *contents* and *not contents*, as have proscribed and massacred *America* by act of parliament: By such acts, which, if not repealed, *Great Britain* will be (as *Dr. Church* prophesies) *undone*.

C A S C A.

Printed and Published for the AUTHORS by T. W. SHAW, Fleet-Street, opposite Anderton's Coffee-House, where Letters to the Publisher will be thankfully received.